

*Ol.* Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd too.

*Enter Sebastian.*

*Seb.* I am sorry Madam I have hurt your kinsman:  
But had it beene the brother of my blood,  
I must haue done no lesse with wit and safety.  
You throw a strange regard vpon me, and by that  
I do perceiue it hath offended you:  
Pardon me (sweet one) euen for the vowes  
We made each other, but so late ago.

*Du.* One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons,  
A naturall Peripetie, that is, and is not.

*Seb.* *Antonio*: O my deere *Antonio*,  
How haue the houres rack'd, and tortur'd me,  
Since I haue lost thee?

*Ant.* *Sebastian* are you?

*Seb.* Fear'st thou that *Antonio*?

*Ant.* How haue you made diuision of your selfe,  
An apple cleft in two, is not more twin  
Then these two creatures. Which is *Sebastian*?

*Ol.* Most wonderfull.

*Seb.* Do I stand there? I neuer had a brother:  
Nor can there be that Deity in my nature  
Of heere, and euery where. I had a sister,  
Whom the blinde waues and surges haue deuour'd:  
Of charity, what kinne are you to me?  
What Countreyman? What name? What Parentage?

*Vio.* Of *Messaline*: *Sebastian* was my Father,  
Such a *Sebastian* was my brother too:  
So went he suited to his watery tombe:  
If spirits can assume both forme and suite,  
You come to fright vs.

*Seb.* A spirit I am indeed,  
But am in that dimension grossely clad,  
Which from the wombe I did participate.  
Were you a woman, as the rest goes cuen,  
I should my teares let fall vpon your cheekes,  
And say, thrice welcome drowned *Viola*.

*Vio.* My father had a mole vpon his brow.

*Seb.* And so had mine.

*Vio.* And did that day when *Viola* from her birth  
Had numbred thirteene yeares.

*Seb.* O that record is liuely in my soule,  
He finished indeed his mortall acte  
That day that made my sister thirteene yeares.

*Vio.* If nothing lets to make vs happie both,  
But this my masculine vsurp'd attyre:  
Do not embrace me, till each circumstance,  
Of place, time, fortune, do co-here and iumpe  
That I am *Viola*, which to confirme,  
He bring you to a Captaine in this Towne,  
Where lye my maiden weedes: by whose gentle helpe,  
I was prefer'd to serue this Noble Count:  
All the occurrence of my fortune since  
Hath beene betwene this Lady, and this Lord.

*Seb.* So comes it Lady, you haue beene mistooke:  
But Nature to her bias drew in that.  
You would haue bin contracted to a Maid,  
Nor are you therein (by my life) deceiu'd,  
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

*Du.* Be not amaz'd, right noble is his blood:  
If this be so, as yet the glasse seemes true,  
I shall haue share in this most happy wracke,  
Boy, thou hast saide to me a thousand times,  
Thou neuer should'st loue woman like to me.

*Vio.* And all those sayings, will I ouer sweare,  
And all those swearings keepe as true in soule,

As doth that Orbed Continent, the fire,  
That seuers day from night.

*Du.* Giue me thy hand,  
And let me see thee in thy womans weedes.

*Vio.* The Captaine that did bring me first on shore  
Hath my Maides garments: he vpon some Adion  
Is now in durance, at *Maluolio's* suite,  
A Gentleman, and follower of my Ladies.

*Ol.* He shall enlarge him: fetch *Maluolio* hither,  
And yet alas, now I remember me,  
They say poore Gentleman, he's much distract.

*Enter Clowne with a Letter, and Fabian.*  
A most extracting frensie of mine owne  
From my remembrance, clearly banisht his.  
How does he si-rah?

*Cl.* Truly Madam, he holds *Belzebub* at the stauces end as  
well as a man in his case may do: has heere writ a letter to  
you, I should haue giuen't you to day morning. But as a  
madmans Epistles are no Gospels, so it skilles not much  
when they are deliuer'd.

*Ol.* Open't, and read it.

*Cl.* Looke then to be well edified, when the Foole  
deliuer's the Madman. By the Lord Madam.

*Ol.* How now, art thou mad?

*Cl.* No Madam, I do but reade madnesse: and your  
Ladyship will haue it as it ought to bee, you must allow  
Vox.

*Ol.* Prethee reade i'thy right wits.

*Cl.* So I do Madona: but to reade his right wits, is to  
reade thus: therefore, perpend my Princessie, and giue  
care.

*Ol.* Read it you, si-rah.

*Fab.* Reads. By the Lord Madam, you wrong me, and  
the world shall know it: Though you haue put mee into  
darkenesse, and giuen your drunken Cosin rule ouer me,  
yet haue I the benefit of my senses as well as your Lady-  
ship. I haue your owne letter, that induc'd mee to the  
semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not, but to  
do my selfe much right, or you much shame: thinke of  
me as you please. I leaue my duty a little vnthought of,  
and speake out of my injury. The madly vs'd *Maluolio*.

*Ol.* Did he write this?

*Cl.* I Madame.

*Du.* This fauours not much of distraction.

*Ol.* See him deliuer'd *Fabian*, bring him hither:  
My Lord, so please you, these things further thought on,  
To thinke me as well a sister, as a wife,  
One day shall crowne th'alliance on't, so please you,  
Heere at my house, and at my proper cost.

*Du.* Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer:  
Your Master quits you: and for your seruice done him,  
So much against the mettle of your sex,  
So farre beneath your soft and tender breeding,  
And since you call'd me Master, for so long:  
Heere is my hand, you shall from this time bee  
your Masters Mistresse.

*Ol.* A sister, you are she.

*Enter Maluolio.*

*Du.* Is this the Madman?

*Ol.* I my Lord, this same: How now *Maluolio*?

*Mal.* Madam, you haue done me wrong,  
Notorious wrong.

*Ol.* Haue I *Maluolio*? No.

*Mal.* Lady you haue, pray you peruse that Letter.  
You must not now denie it is your hand,  
Write from it if you can, in hand, or phrase,

Or say, tis not your seale, nor your inuention:  
You can say none of this. Well, grant it then,  
And tell me in the modestie of honor,  
Why you haue giuen me such cleare lights of fauour,  
Why you haue giuen me such cleare lights of fauour,  
Bad me come smiling, and crosse-garter'd to you,  
To put on yellow stockings, and to frowne  
Vpon sir *Toby*, and the lighter people:  
And acting this in an obedient hope,  
Why haue you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,  
Kept in a darke house, visited by the Priest,  
And made the most notorious gecke and gull,  
That ere inuention plaid on? Tell me why?

*Ol.* Alas *Maluolio*, this is not my writing,  
Though I confesse much like the Character:  
But out of question, tis *Marias* hand.

And now I do bethinke me, it was shee  
First told me thou wast mad; then cam'st in smiling,  
And in such formes, which heere were presuppos'd  
Vpon thee in the Letter: prethee be content,  
This practice hath most shrewdly past vpon thee:  
But when we know the grounds, and authors of it,  
Thou shalt be both the Plaintiffe and the Iudge.  
Of thine owne cause.

*Fab.* Good Madam heare me speake,  
And let no quarrell, nor no braule to come,  
Taint the condition of this present houre,  
Which I haue wondred at. In hope it shall not,  
Most freely I confesse my selfe, and *Toby*  
Set this deuike against *Maluolio* heere,  
Vpon some stubborne and vncourteous parts  
We had conceiu'd against him. *Maria* writ  
The Letter, at sir *Tobys* great importance,  
In recompence whereof, he hath married her:  
How with a sportfull malice it was follow'd,  
May rather plucke on laughter then reuenge,  
If that the iniuries be iustly weigh'd,  
That haue on both sides past.

*Ol.* Alas poore Foole, how haue they baffel'd thee?  
*Cl.* Why some are borne great, some archieue great-  
nesse, and some haue greatnesse throwne vpon them. I  
was one sir, in this Enterlude, one sir *Tobys* sir, but that's

all one: By the Lord Foole, I am  
member, Madam, why laugh you  
and you smile not he's gag'd: a  
of time, brings in his reuenges.

*Mal.* He be reueng'd on the  
*Ol.* He hath bene most notori-

*Du.* Pursue him, and entrea-  
He hath not told vs of the Capti-  
When that is knowne, and gold  
A solemne Combination shall be  
Of our deere soules. Meane time  
We will not part from hence, C  
(For so you shall be while you a  
But when in other habites you a  
*Orsino's* Mistresse, and his fancies

*Clowne* si-  
When that I was and a li-  
with hey, ho, the wind  
A foolish thing was but a  
for the raine it rained

But when I came to mans  
with hey ho, &c.  
Gainst Knanes and Thees  
for the raine, &c.

But when I came alas to  
with hey ho, &c.  
By swag gering could I m-  
for the raine, &c.

But when I came unto m-  
with hey ho, &c.  
With rospotes still had d-  
for the raine, &c.

A great while ago the w-  
hey ho, &c.  
But that's all one, our Pl-  
and wee'l strine to ple-

FINIS.

